





## THE CHRONICLE AND DIRECTORY

For 1873.

## NOW READY.

THIS Work, now in the ELEVENTH year of its existence, is ready for delivery.

It has been compiled and printed at the Daily Press Office, as usual, from the best and most authentic sources, and no pains have been spared to make the work complete in all respects.

In addition to the usual varied and voluminous information, the value of the "CHRONICLE AND DIRECTORY FOR 1873" has been further augmented by a

## CHROMO-LITHOGRAPH OF THE FOREIGN SETTLEMENTS OF SHANGHAI.

In addition to a Chromo-Lithograph Plate of the

## NEW CODE OF SIGNALS IN USE AT THE PEAK.

Also of THE VARIOUS HOUSE FLAGS

(Designed expressly for this Work)

## MAPS OF HONGKONG, JAPAN, AND OF THE

## THE COAST OF CHINA;

besides other local information and statistics corrected to date of publication, leading to make this work in every way suitable for Public, Mercantile, and General Offices.

The Directory is published with the Lists of Residents, Port Directories, Maps, &c., at \$5.

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low in commercial matters. The great difficulty is to make them even consider this as possible. The officials are saturated with the vague general theories of the Philosophy of the Flowery Land, and are wrapped up in their own conceits, which blinds them to all not recognized in their own system.

In addition to this they have personal interests in maintaining matters in their old form, as under it they are enabled to make fat profits and to exercise great power. It is against this opposition on the part of the official classes which we have to contend, more than against any very strong prejudices on the part of the Chinese people. No doubt the large masses, who, through the present policy of exclusiveness, are kept in complete ignorance with regard to foreigners and foreign matters, have very wrong ideas with respect to them, but there is sufficient in our intercourse with the natives of China up to the present time, to show that, if fair opportunities are given them of intercourse with foreigners and of obtaining a knowledge of foreign appliances, they are perfectly willing both to establish commercial relations and to adopt foreign improvements.

We are informed that the *Cathay*, with the next English mail, was to leave Singapore this morning.

A telegram had been received by the Principal Agent, informing him of the departure of the *M. M. steamship* *Asia* from Saigon, with the French mail, yesterday at 8 a.m.

Last evening, the Hongkong Dramatic Amateurs gave their last performance of this season. The house was well filled, and the performance was of good quality.

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Government that it should be so severely punished, the offence would be made a felony not a misdemeanour. The Chief Justice, with some exceptions, was of opinion that the offences were punishable only by imprisonment.

At the suggestion of H.E. the Governor, the Chief Justice proposed that for offences against the law, there should be no penalty. This proposition was acceded to by the Hon. Mr. Rowett.

On His Excellency putting the matter to the Council, the Hon. Mr. May begged to suggest that an important point ought to be made as to the vote of the Magistrates would in severe cases send them to the Supreme Court rather than imprisonment for twelve months.

His Excellency, however, decided that the vote should be put; and it resulted in three ayes and six noes. The amendment was accordingly declared to be lost, and the ordinance stood in substance as before, with the addition of a clause for making a term of imprisonment dependent upon the payment of a fine, where the punishment would be both fine and imprisonment, but where the former was not paid. A clause was also added providing for the condemnation of prohibited articles, and cases where the man in whose possession they were found, was not a convicted person.

Hon. Mr. Ball suggested it might be desirable to have the Ordinance reprinted and printed in a separate form, as so many alterations had been made.

It was also agreed that a clause should be inserted to prevent the fraudulent use of certificates.

The Council was then adjourned to Thursday next, at 2.30 p.m.

## SUPREME COURT.

## CRIMINAL SESSIONS.

BEFORE THE HON. CHIEF JUSTICE SMITH.

The Attorney-General having signified his intention of entering a *nolle prosequi* against Wong-chung-sing, a *Chick-sing*, the two Chinese defendants were committed to prison on the 15th instant, and who were further charged with perjury, the latter charge being now unnecessary, the Sessions were closed.

In re Choy-nam.

Mr. Toller stated he had examined the Bankrupt, and he applied that his discharge should be withheld or made conditional on account of his having made a perfectly untrue statement in a claim on account of Mrs. Crawford, putting the estate to needless trouble and expense.

The Bankrupt being asked why he defended the action, stated he had requested Mr. Toller to defend the building on it, and Mr. Toller should have given him notice before selling it, as he might have sold it for more than \$8,000.

His Lordship, in delivering his decision, said this was a very bad case, and he was very sorry to have to make such a statement.

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## Extracts.

## WIFE JEANIE.

The year is eight days old, and on the wall  
I've left my evergreen! But folks will come,  
And hide in all the branches, great and small,  
To look to bring upon my little home.

May I've charm against their evil spells—  
Is not my dear old coming home from sea?  
(I'll mind me not of what the legend tells,  
And come to see this, his ain country).

Al! furries, ye could never do me harm!  
For his sake, if ye knew how he can smile,  
And how his blue eyes shine, they'd be a charm  
All potent to destroy your evil will.

His over long away from me, dear lad,  
I sit lone in the dusk, and count the days;  
My heart, it growls, sometimes very sad,  
And seldom sighs now his gladness lays.

I read the poem on my little ring—  
"The gift is small, but love is all," O love,  
These words unto my heartache comfort bring:  
God watch it, or my sailor up above.

So, dear, until the time ends I will hold,  
And suffer what I must, for all I will  
When the great seas my lad from me do hold,  
To Scotland shall come his brave and true.

I am unlearned to understand for long;  
This weary time should take no why to loe;  
O! New Year, come with glad voice and song,  
And bring my lad into his ain contrée.

—Grace and Gog. ROSE DOUGLAS.

A LITTLE COMPOSITION ON THE  
WHEELBARROW.

The Danbury News says: If you have  
occasion to use a wheelbarrow, leave it, when  
you are through with it, in front of the house  
with the handles toward the door. A wheel-  
barrow is the most complicated thing to fall  
over, on the face of the earth. A man will  
fall over one when he would never think of  
falling over anything else; he never knows  
when he has got through falling over it,  
either; for it will tangle his legs and his  
arms, turn over with him and roll up in  
front of him, and just as he pauses in his  
profoundly to congratulate himself, it takes a  
new turn, and scoops more skin off of him,  
and he commences to evolve anew, and  
bump himself on fresh places. A man never  
ceases to fall over a wheelbarrow until it  
turns completely on its back or brings it  
against something it cannot upset. It is the  
most offensive looking object there is, but  
it is more dangerous than a locomotive, and  
no man is secure with one unless he has a  
tight hold of its handles, and is sitting down  
on something. A wheelbarrow has its uses,  
without doubt, but in its leisure moments it  
is the great blighting curse on true dignity.

## THE STARS.

Of the physical constitution of the stars  
we know but little. Analogy tells us that  
they are bodies of the same character, and  
probably of the same size, as our own sun.  
Recent spectrum analysis goes  
further, and shows us from an examination  
of their light that the substances which exist  
most plentifully in the sun's atmosphere,  
such as sodium, are also to be met with  
largely among the stars. More information  
about them than this we have not much hope  
of attaining to. There is no reasonable  
probability of our ever having telescopes power-  
ful enough to give us further revelations  
of the nature of the stars. To our present  
instruments they appear simply as specks of  
light of no visible dimensions, and differing  
only in brightness. According to these  
varying degrees of brilliancy the stars are  
classified—the brightest being styled of the  
first magnitude, the next of the second mag-  
nitude, and so on through the telescopic  
stars down to the fifteenth. In this term  
must not be misunderstood. None of them  
have any perceptible magnitude whatever;  
even Sirius, the brightest, presents no marked  
disc like the planets; he is strictly a  
mathematical point of light—position with-  
out magnitude. It is probable that the stars  
do not differ very much in actual size and  
inherent brilliancy, and that their gradations  
of apparent brightness are due almost en-  
tirely to the different distances at which they  
are situated from us. This tiny orb, which  
is only revealed to us by the most powerful  
telescope, is probably a not less glorious sun  
than Sirius or Procyon, but it is buried at  
such a depth in the abysses of space as to  
be altogether invisible to the unaided eye.—  
From "The Romance of Astronomy," by R.  
Killey Miller, M.A.

ANCIENT GREECE AND MEDIEVAL  
ITALY.

As the Greek nation was the first which  
developed for itself anything worthy of the  
name of civilisation, Greece and the Greek  
civilisation naturally became the models of  
their own civilised world. Other nations  
were simply outside barbarians. In the best  
days of Greece the interference of a foreign  
power in her internal quarrels would have  
seemed as if the sovereignty of Morocco or  
China should claim the presidency of a  
modern European congress. In later times  
indeed Sparta and Athens, each in  
turn, found it convenient to contract  
political alliances with the Great King at  
Babylon, and with their more dangerous  
neighbour at Persia. But the Medes always  
remained a purely external enemy or a purely  
external paymaster; the Macedonian had  
himself to become a Greek before his turn  
came to be the dominant power of Greece.  
But in medieval Italy the case was widely  
different. She affected, indeed, to  
apply the name of Greece to all nations  
beyond her mountain-belt. No word as-  
sumption went some show of justification in  
her palpable pre-eminence in wealth, in re-  
finement, in literature, in many branches of  
art; above all, in political knowledge and pro-  
gress. But, notwithstanding this, it was im-  
possible to place medieval Italy so far above  
contemporary France or Spain or Germany,  
as ancient Greece stood above the rest of her  
contemporary world. All the states of West-  
ern Christendom were fragments of a single  
Empire, whose laws and language and Gen-  
eral civilisation had left traces among them  
all. A common religion, too, united them  
against the paganism of Cordova or Baghdad, too  
often against the schismatic who filled the  
throne of Constantinople. Italy for ages saw  
the lawful successor of her Kings and Caesars in a  
Barbarian of the race most alien to her feel-  
ings and language. Most of her highest  
achievements drew their origin from the same  
foreign stock. No wonder then if national  
feels alien to her tongue and manners played a  
part in her internal politics which differed  
widely from any interference of barbarians  
in the affairs of Greece. Italian parties  
ranged themselves under the German watch-  
words of Guelph and Ghibelin, and fought  
under the standards of Angevin, French, and  
Aragonese invasions. Florence looked to  
France—Italy to Italy—as her natural ally and  
her chosen protector. Sicily sought for her  
deliverer from French oppression in the rival  
power of a Spanish King. French and Span-  
ish princes had been so often welcomed into  
Italy, they had so often filled Italian thrones  
and guided Italian politics, that men per-  
haps hardly understood the change or foresaw the  
consequences, when for the first time a King  
of France entered Italy in arms as the daimon  
of an Italian kingdom. Gradually, but  
only gradually, the strife which had once  
been a mere disputed succession between an  
Angevin and an Aragonese pretender grew  
into a strife between the mightiest potentates  
of the West for the mastery of Italy and of  
Europe.—From "Historical Sketch," Second  
Series, by Edward A. Freeman, M.A.

## THE LANDING DAY.

What a change in our appearance, as I  
came on deck ready to land! Everything had  
been polished and scrubbed. From the cap-  
tain down to the meanest sailor boy, all had  
donned their "Sunday best." Passengers  
who had till then sported the very slovenliest  
of hats, and "seediest" of costumes, and  
bright, colorful cravats. Ladies who had  
discarded feathered hats, which after the  
first fog resembled, drowned chickens, and  
had muffled themselves in veils and "clouds,"  
resumed the latest concoction of hair-struc-  
ture, crowned with the daintiest of little  
hats; high insteps and higher heels, tripped  
impetuously to and fro; and voices were  
heard to exclaim, "When will the tender  
come and fetch us?" From "Our American  
Cousins at Egypt."

## THE "HEATHEN CHINESE."

At a dinner-party in New York I had the  
pleasure of meeting Mr. Brock, well-known  
to us by his terse and vigorous, yet touch-  
ing California stories, and by his original  
witty poetry. As I sat opposite to him at  
the dinner-table, the centre of the group  
shedding its light on the guests from under  
a shade which left the remainder of the room  
in darkness, the world-renowned "Heathen  
Chinese" very naturally occurred to me. I  
raised my eyes to look at the face of the man  
in whose writings are combined so much  
pathos and so much fun, when lo! there  
stood the "Heathen Chinese" behind his  
chair! At first I attributed this vision to an  
optical delusion, brought on by the separable  
connection between the "Heathen Chinese" and  
popular character; but no, I was not dream-  
ing—there stood John Chinaman, smooth-  
faced and unperturbed, with his pig-tail  
and loose garments, in the ample sleeves of  
which any number of "sees" and "bears" might  
have been safely stowed away! The  
mystery was soon explained to me by my  
neighbour (the author of "Little Breeches").  
"The Celestial of my vision was simply a  
phantom. Notwithstanding 'Chinese' being  
laborer, having been so much abused and  
cried down, by their cleanliness, honesty,  
and sobriety, the Chinese have, as servants,  
proved a boon to those who have years of  
misery and torment to Irish emigrants; and  
to judge by the culinary art displayed on  
this occasion, they can rival a French chef."  
—From "Our American Cousins at Egypt."

OF GENTLEWOMEN THAT ARE SENT  
TO BOARDING SCHOOLS.

It is dangerous to put young women  
to boarding schools, unless their parents live so  
disorderly that their children may grow wild  
or base by their examples. For most com-  
monly in these schools they learn more vices  
than manners. It is a good task for one  
body to bring up one child well, and as they  
ought to be bred, at most two or three; but  
it is too much for one to breed up twenty  
young ladies. It is true they may educate their  
persons, but it is a doubtful whether do or can  
cultivate their minds. They may teach them  
to sing well, but it is a question whether  
they teach them to think well. They may  
teach them measures with the feet, and yet  
to mistake the measures of a good life. They  
may teach them to write by rule, but forget  
the rules of modesty. For the danger is in  
those schools where there are great many  
gentlewomen of several families and births,  
degrees of ages, various humors, different  
dispositions, natures, and qualities, that they  
do like several sorts of fruits, which, when  
they are gathered and heaped together, soon  
rot and corrupt, and soon become rotten  
at the core. Whereas, if every pear, apple,  
and plum, were laid by themselves apart in a  
dry and clean place, they would be found  
wholesome, and last as long as it was their  
nature to last. So if young women were  
bred singly, carefully, and industriously, one  
by one, there would be no danger of their  
learning from each other craft, dissembling,  
fraud, spite, slander, and the like. Besides,  
where there are many together of several  
dispositions, they are not only apt to catch  
the infection of ill qualities from each other,  
but they breed vices, which ruin themselves  
and their fortunes and families, and like mag-  
nets, consume their estates, or eat a hole in their  
reputation. Besides, all board scholars of the  
effeminate sex are like salt mixed dressed  
in a cook's shop, which always tastes of the  
dripping-pan or smoke. So most commonly  
those that are bred at schools have a smack  
of the school, at least in their behavior—  
that is, constraint. And their exercises,  
though they are commendable in women of  
quality, yet it is not these exercises or virtues  
(as they call them in Italy) which give them  
good breeding, but to instruct their youth in  
useful knowledge, to correct their ignorance  
with right understanding, to settle their  
reasons to virtue, to govern their passions by  
modesty, to rule their insatiable or distemper-  
ed appetites with temperance; to teach them  
sound principles, honorable and modest  
behavior, civil discourtesy, to be cleanly,  
patient, and pious; things which none can  
catch either by example or instruction, or  
both, but those that have been nobly bred  
themselves.—From "The Cavalier and his  
Lady."

## THE PURITANS.

(From "Plays and Poems," by Charles  
King.)  
As for these Puritans having been merely  
the sour, narrow, inhospitable persons they  
were vulgarly supposed to have been, credit  
Judeans. There were sour and narrow men  
among them; so there were in the opposite  
party. No Puritan could have had less  
poetry in him, less taste, less feeling, than  
Land himself. But in there no poetry save  
words? No drama save that which is pre-  
sented on the stage? Is this glorious history  
and the souls of living men, more press, as  
"current rate scarce," who will, for  
sooth, do the honour to make poetry out  
of a little of them (and of how little) by  
translating them into words, he himself, just  
in proportion as he is a good poet, will con-  
fess to a clumsy, tawdry, ineffectual? Was  
there no poetry in these Puritans because  
they were so good? We do not mean  
now the unwritten tragedy of the battle-  
field and the charge; but simple idyllic  
poetry and quiet home-drama, love-poetry of  
the heart and the hearth, and the beauties  
of every-day human life? Take the most  
commonplace of them: was Zeal-for-Truth  
Thoreau, of Thoreau's Rise in Deepening  
Forest, his father had thought fit to give  
him an ugly and silly name, the last of a  
poorly bred? Did his name prevent his  
being six feet high? Were his shoulders  
less broad for it, his cheeks less red  
ruddy for it? He wore his flaxen hair  
of the same length that every one now  
wears theirs, instead of letting it hang  
half-way to his waist in assented curls;  
but was he therefore less of a true Vir-  
gil's son, bold-hearted as his surviving  
ancestors who won the Dutchburgh by Onondaga's  
side, and settled there on Thoreau's Rise,  
to grow wheat and bread horses, generation  
succeeding generation, in the old matted  
grange? He carried a Bible in his jack-  
boot; but did that prevent him, as Oliver  
rode past him with an approving smile on  
Naseby-feld, thinking himself a very hand-  
some fellow, with his mustache and imperial,  
and bright red coat, and crimson waist-  
coat, and a noble white cravat, as he sat his father's  
great black horse as gracefully and firmly as  
any long-legged and assented cavalier in  
front of him? Or did it prevent him think-  
ing too, for a moment, with a throb of the  
heart, that sweet Cousin Patience far away  
at home, could he but see him, might have  
the same opinion of him as he had of him-  
self? Was he the worse for the thought?  
He was certainly not the worse for checking

it the next instant, with many a shudder  
letting such "carnal vanities" rise in his  
heart, while he was "doing the Lord's work."  
In the teeth of death and hell: but was  
there no poetry in him then? No poetry in  
him, five minutes after, at the rising of the  
sun, and his horse's rider and rider at  
every sweep? We are before by names. Call  
him Crusader instead of Roundhead, and  
he seems at once (granting him only sincerity,  
which he had, and that of a right-a-fair kind)  
as complete a knight-errant as ever watched  
and prayed, ere putting on his spurs, in  
fantastic Gothic chapel, beneath "storied  
windows richly dight." Was there no poetry  
in him, either, half-an-hour afterwards, as  
he lay bleeding across the corpse of the gal-  
lant horse, waiting for his turn with the  
surgon, and fumbled for the Bible in his  
boot, and tried to hum a psalm, and thought  
of Cousin Patience, and his father, and his  
mother, and how they would hear, at least,  
that he had played the man in Israel that  
day, and resisted unto blood, striving against  
sin, and the Man of Sin? And was there no  
poetry in him too, as he came trotting along,  
thoroughly dyed, in the quiet autumn eve  
home to the house of his forefathers, and saw  
afar off the knot of tall poplars rising over  
the broad misty flat, and this one great abel  
tossing its sheets of silver in the dying gusts;  
and knew that they stood before his father's  
door? Who can tell all the pretty child-  
memories which flitted across his brain  
at that night, and made him forget that  
he was a wounded knight? There is the  
dyke where he and his brother earned the  
great pike which stole the duck-  
lings—how many years ago?—while pretty  
little Patience stood by trembling, and  
striking at each snap of the brute's wide  
jaws; and there, down that long dark lane,  
rattling with crimson in the sunset breeze,  
he and his brother staked home in triumph  
with Patience, who had made him forget that  
day that was! when, in the clear bright  
winter moon, they laid the gate upon the ice,  
and tied the beef-bones under the four  
corners, and packed little Patience on a  
how pretty she looked, though her eyes  
were red with weeping, as she peeped out  
from among the heap of blankets and horse-  
hides; and how merrily their long ton-  
nagers whistled along the ice-lane, between  
the high banks of hinging road, as they  
loved home their way to triumph at  
a pace like the race-horse's, to the dear  
old home among the poplar-trees. And now  
he was going home to meet her, after a  
mighty victory, a deliverance from heaven,  
second only in his eyes to that Red-see one.  
Was there no poetry in his heart at that  
thought? Did not the glowing sunset, and  
his red-bellied which he passed before he  
him into sheets of golden flame, seem tokens  
that the glory of God was going before him  
in his path? Did not the sweet clamour  
of the wild-owl, gathering for one rich  
peep as they sank into rest, seem to  
him as God's bells chiming him home  
in triumph, with peals sweeter and bolder  
than those of Lincoln or Peterborough  
sleep-house? Did not the very lapwings  
as they tumbled, softly waiting, for him  
who did years ago, to welcome the wan-  
derer home in the name of heaven? Fair  
Patience, too, though she was a Puritan, yet  
like any other girl's, as she saw far off the  
red coat, like a sliding spark of fire, coming  
sleazily along the staid staid-bank, and fled  
up stairs into her chamber to pray, half that  
it might be, half that it might not be  
he? Was there then no poetry in him  
that he and his human nature when he  
entered the courtyard gate? Did not the  
old dog lick his Puritan handkerchief lovingly  
as if it had been a Cavalier's? Did not the  
ladies run out shouting? Did not the old  
yeoman father hug him, weep over him, hold  
him at arm's length, and hug him again, as  
heartily as any other John Bull, even though  
the next moment he called all to kneel down  
and thank God who had sent his boy home  
again, after bestowing on him the grace to  
bind hands in chains and nobles with links  
of iron, and content to death for the faith deliv-  
ered to the saints? And did not Zeal-for-  
Truth look about as wistfully for Patience as  
any other man would have done, longing to  
see her, yet not daring even to ask for her?  
And when she came down at last, was she  
less lovely in his eyes, because she sang,  
and dancing with bare bosom, in tawdry  
dignity and pride, but surrounded close in  
and pious, hiding from all the world beauty  
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and pious, hiding from all the world beauty  
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